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THE

JOLLY FARMERS,

OPERETTA

FOR

HIGH SCHOOLS, AMATEUR CLUBS, ETC.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

N. B. SARGENT,

Author of Cantatas, "Voices of Nature." and "The Forest Jubilee Band."

LT LAKE COSTUME CO.

Dealers in Masquerade and Theatrical Costumes

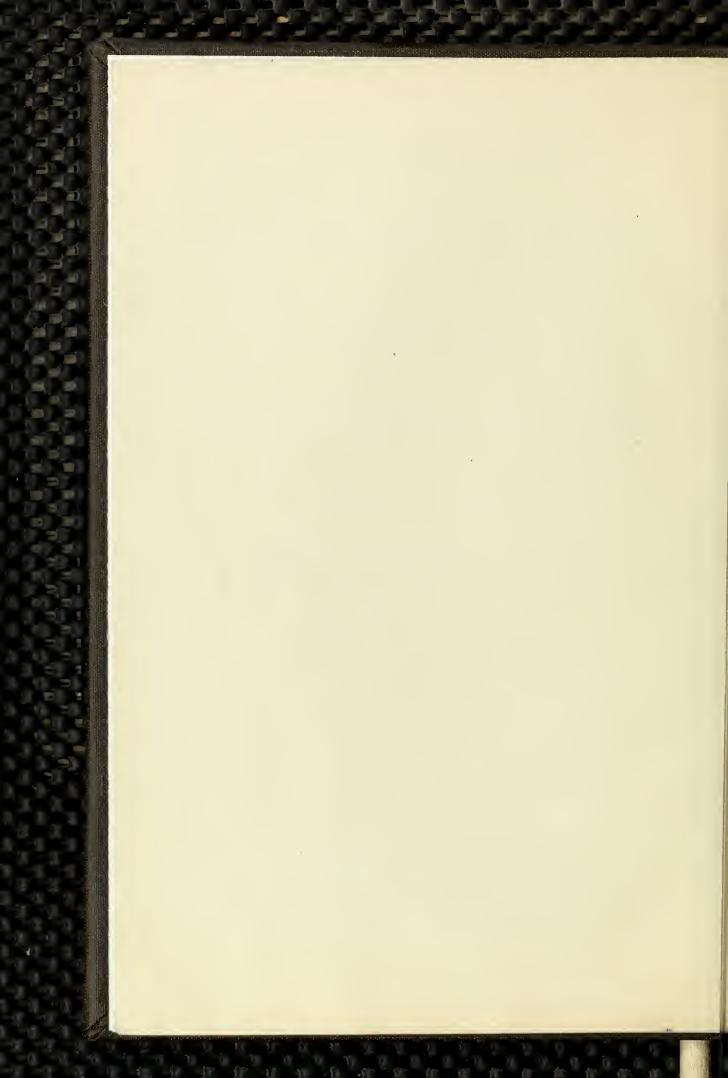
CHAS. H. D

PLAY BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS, HAIR GOODS AND MAKE-UP MATERIALS

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

LYON & HEALY

CONVERGE, MINICESCE, BY CLIVER DIESON COMPANY.





PREFACE.

The author has attempted only to give incidents in home-life in the country, drawing therefrom some moral lessons of practical worth.

No attempt has been made to portray recklessness in adventure, but rather, cheerfulness in labor.

No sensational love scenes, but the pleasant scenes of a loving home and a peaceful neighborhood.

SYNOPSIS.

SCENE I.

Country farm-house. Time, morning.

Mr. HAPPYWAY, stepping from the door, contemplates the glory of the morning.

SCENE II.

Interior house.

Amnie, knocking at Johnnie's chamber door, sings the "Morning Call."

SCENE III.

Dining-room.

Family at breakfast.

SCENE IV.

Sitting-room. Time, evening.

The family, servants and neighbors gathered for a social evening.

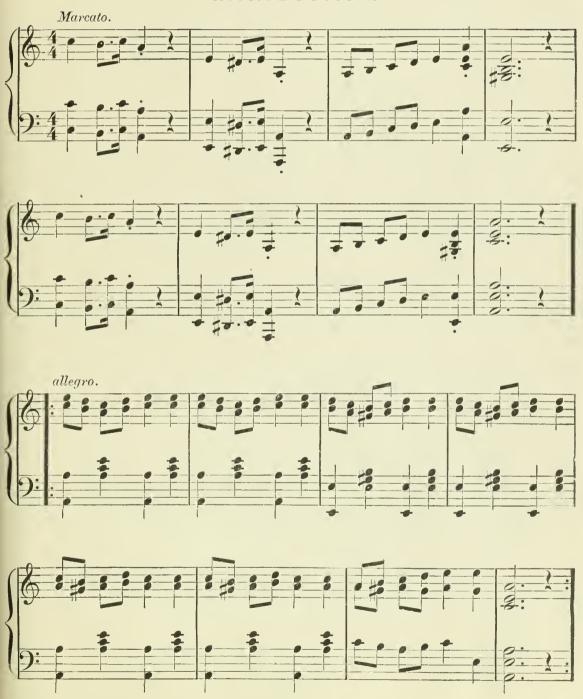


CHARACTERS.

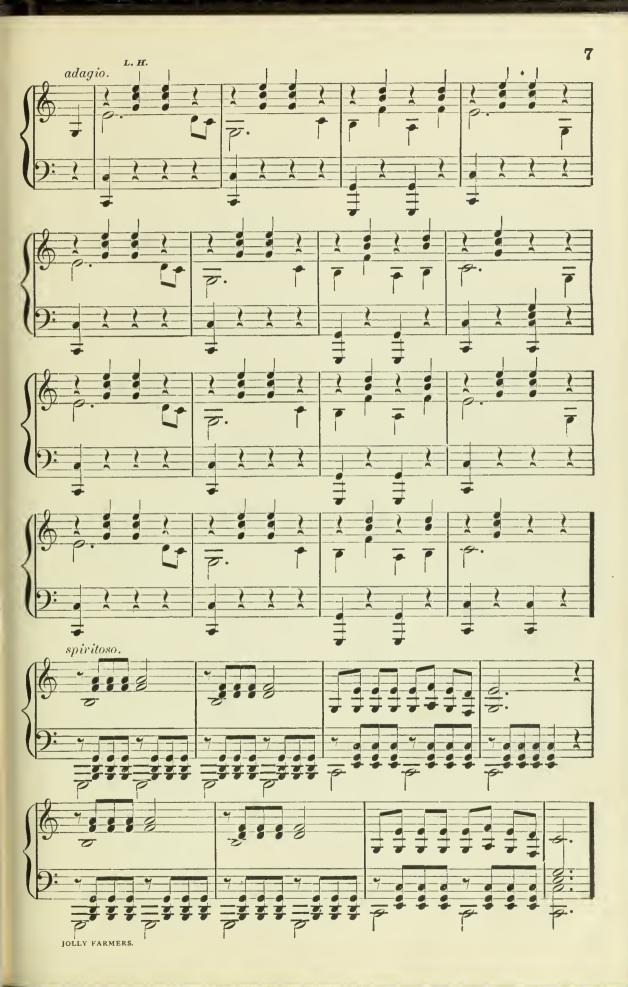
Mr. Happyway Mr. Sam Pitcher		1st Te	1						1st Ba 2nd Ba	
· Members of the Household.										
Mrs. Happyway Miss Scrubber Annie	. 21	ist Sopi nd Sopi	ano.	Miss B.	AKER .		•		1st Al 2nd Al	
Mr. Happyway's Children.										
Charley May		. Aged		Ella •				•	Aged	9.
JOHNNIE The fat chore boy. Mr. Workwell A neighbor.										
Other Neighbors, Servants, Etc.										
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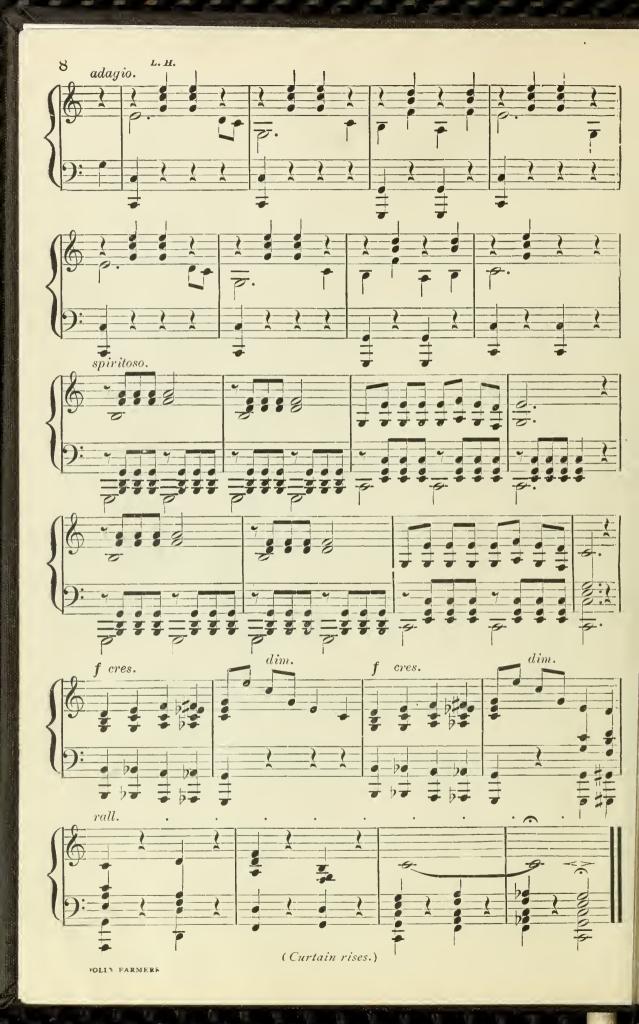
JOLLY FARMERS.

INTRODUCTION.









SCENE 1.

SCENE I. Country farm-house. Time, morning.

Mr. Happyway (stepping from the door).

A glorious morning! The sun has just come to wake up the sleeping world. Old earth breathes with new life; and her breath is fragrant with the perfume of young blossoms. She is putting on her fairest robes, and her glittering diamonds. The man who cannot be glad at such a time; whose heart is not full of gratitude and thanksgiving to Him who hath made this world so fair; who does not find his heart swelling with love and adoration,must be a villain or he has the tooth-ache.

(Enter neighbor Workwell.)

- Mr. H. (pleasantly). Ah! good-morning, neighbor Workwell!
- Mr. W. Good-morning, Mr. Happyway! Glad to see you looking so cheerful this morning.
- MR H. Why should I not be cheerful? What right has a man to be sorrowing here, When his path is smooth and his sky is

What right has a man to go grumbling along

When the world is so full of love and song? What right to be wearing forever a frown, When heaven is showering her blessings down?

- Mr. W. None, none at all. Yet many do just those things.
- Mr. H. Many think their way is rough when it is only their own false steps that make it seem so. Many think their sky is clouded when it is only a blur before their own
- Mr. W. But you don't think a man can always be happy?
- Mr. H. Not at all times. There are sorrows so heavy, so heart-wringing, that the strongest wills lie low in the dust for a time. But he that trusts in God and looks to Him for help, will rise above, and triumph over all. But the greater part of the unhappiness of this life is made up of worrying and fretting over little things, the annoyances of every-day life. Some one has said: "There are more that rust out than wear out." There are still more that fret out. I have made one resolve, and I am bound to carry it out in my life if I can. It is this: - That I will not go through this life fretting about the ills I cannot avoid, nor go grumbling about my neighbor's faults any more than my own.
- Mr. W. My whole heart is with you in that. And here's my hand in pledge. If we could live as neighbors a thousand years, I am sure we should live in peace and good will. But I came over this morning to tell you that I had found out at last your secret of success.

Mr. II. My secret! I did n't know that I had one. One of the heaviest burdens a man can carry is a secret. They try sometimes to ridicule woman by saying she cannot keep a secret. It is a blessed thing for her if she cannot. Men have too many. Some are loaded down so heavily, it seems to me, they might well cry with Woolsey: "'T is a burden too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven." And you say my secret of success? Why, man, there is none! He wins her, who is obedient to the laws of success. Common sense, industry, unrelenting resolve, and trust in God will always win success.

Mr. W. I know that is true; but still there seems to be a great difference in degree. Now my farm is as fertile as yours; I employ as many and as able men as you do; we rise as early, and are up as late at night; work as hard through the day;—yet in the spring your seeds are always in the ground first; in summer your hoeing and haying are always done first; and in autumn your crops are harvested first. And I have the secret of it now. Or if you object to that word, then I have the reason for your coming out ahead. I got it from Carlyle, who says: "Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music." And Ruskin says: "It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems to me no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work." I believe it, too. You seem to take work as a pleasure, not as a burden. The first sounds that we hear from your house in the morning are musical. In the field we hear you and your men singing at work. At night we are often lulled to sleep by the soothing songs from your house. Henceforth we cry with Carlyle: "Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work." I am convinced that music hath charms not only to soothe the savage breast, but to comfort, cheer, and help the civilized man even in his daily work.

Mr. H. You are quite right. Music hath that power. I know it, not because great men have said so, but because I have found it so. Then, neighbor, let us welcome this glorious morning with a merry song. Let us keep a singing spirit, and a merry heart, and an easy conscience through the day; and our labors will be lighter; for burdens cannot be heavy to such a man. (Loud voice.) Come, all, and join the chorus.

(Enter all.)

WELCOME THE DAWNING.

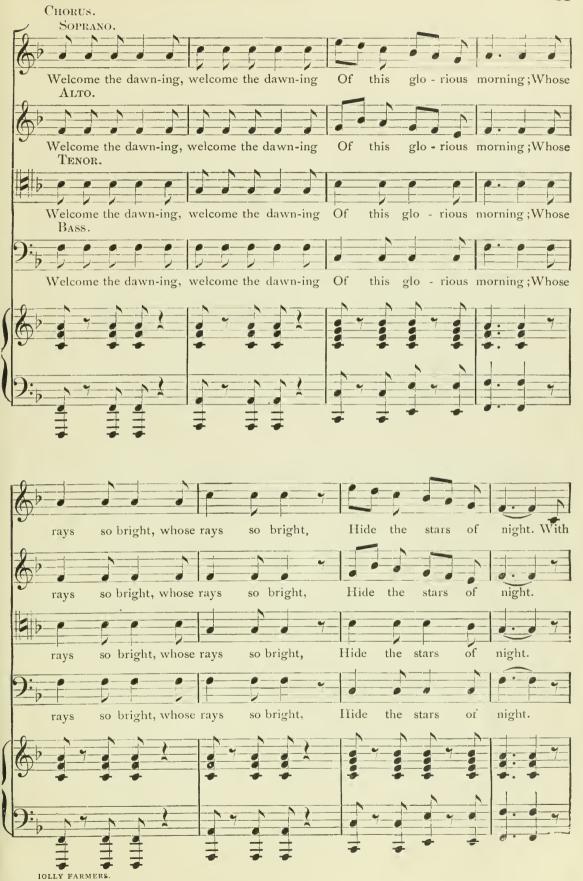


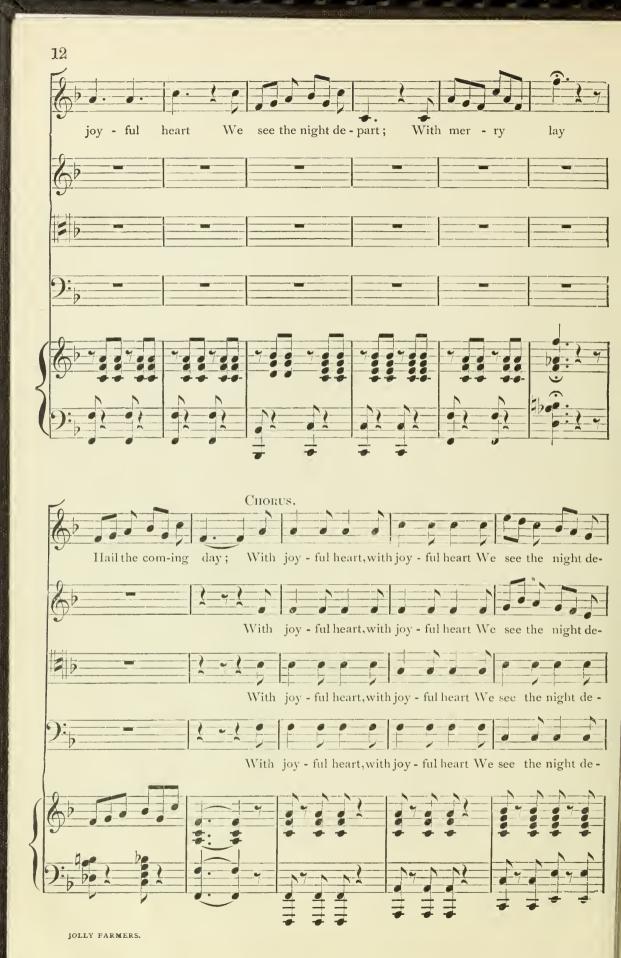


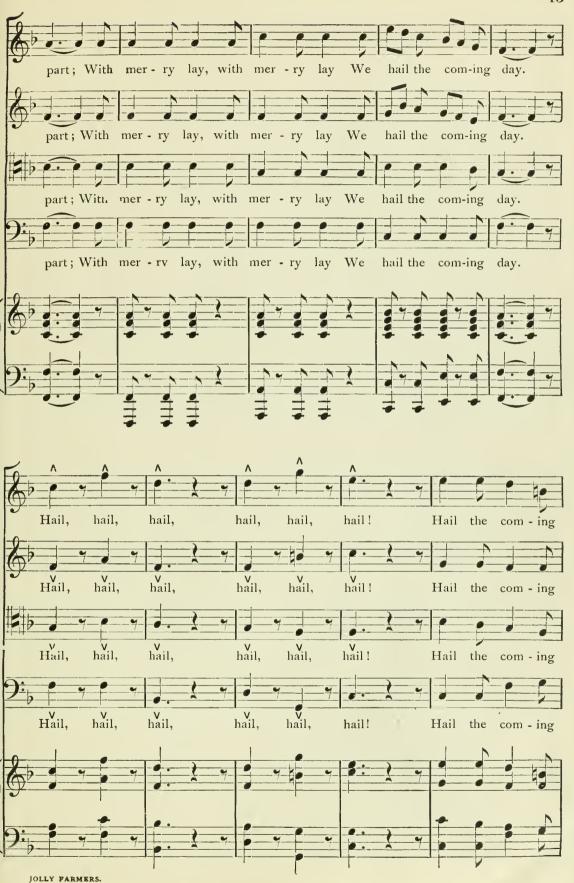


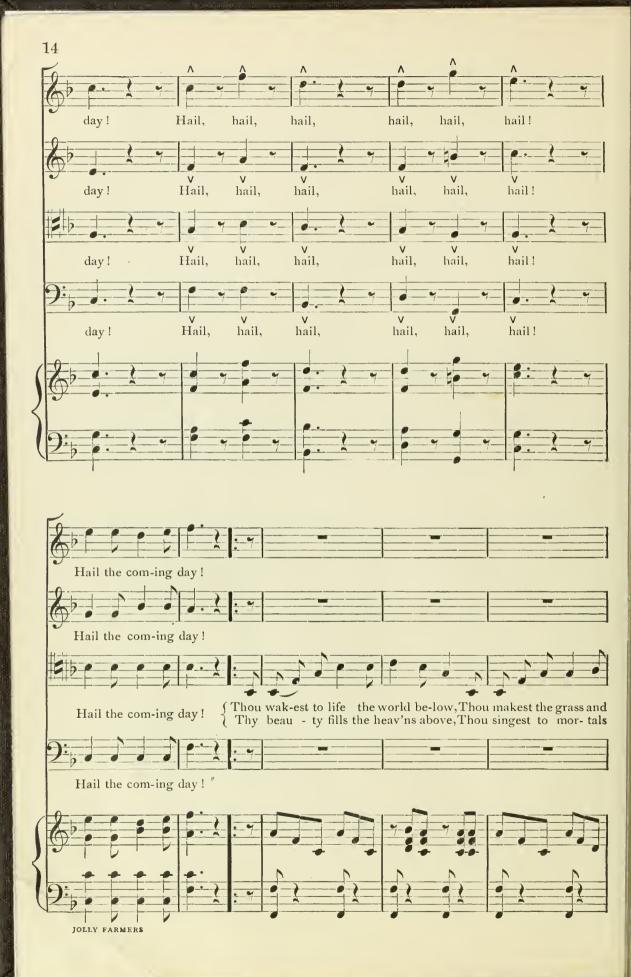
OLLY FARMERS.

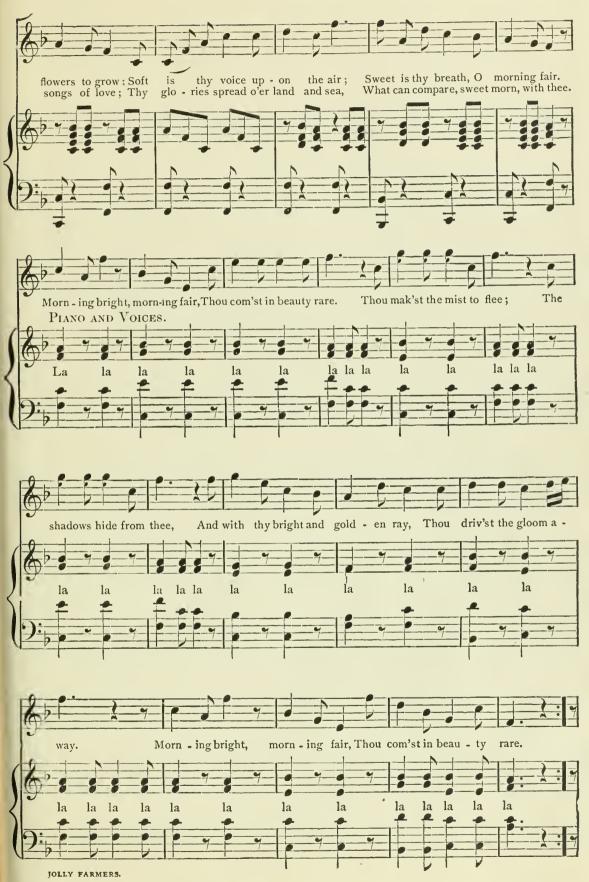
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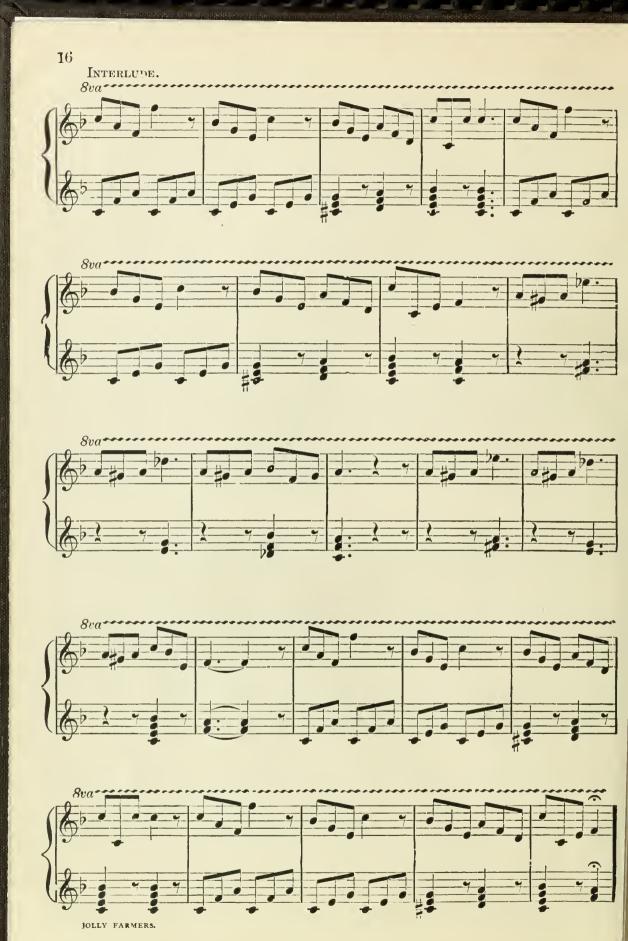


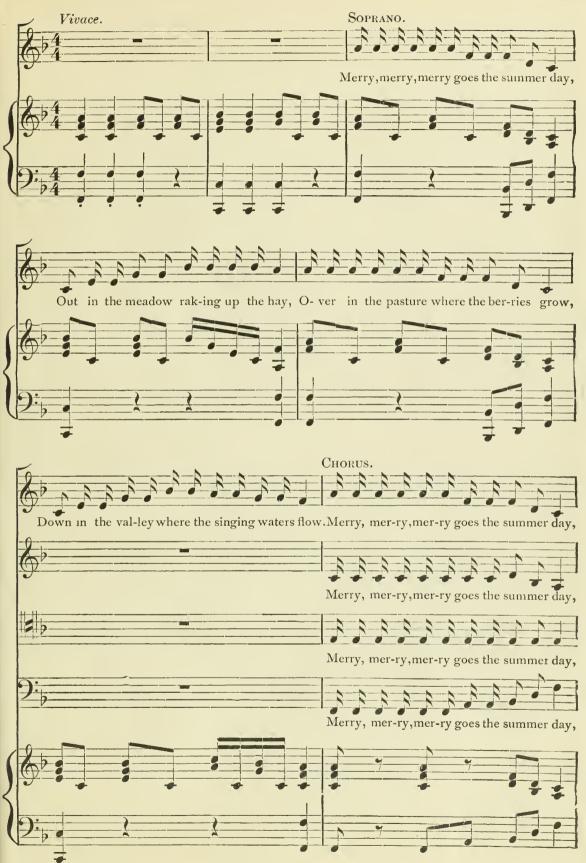






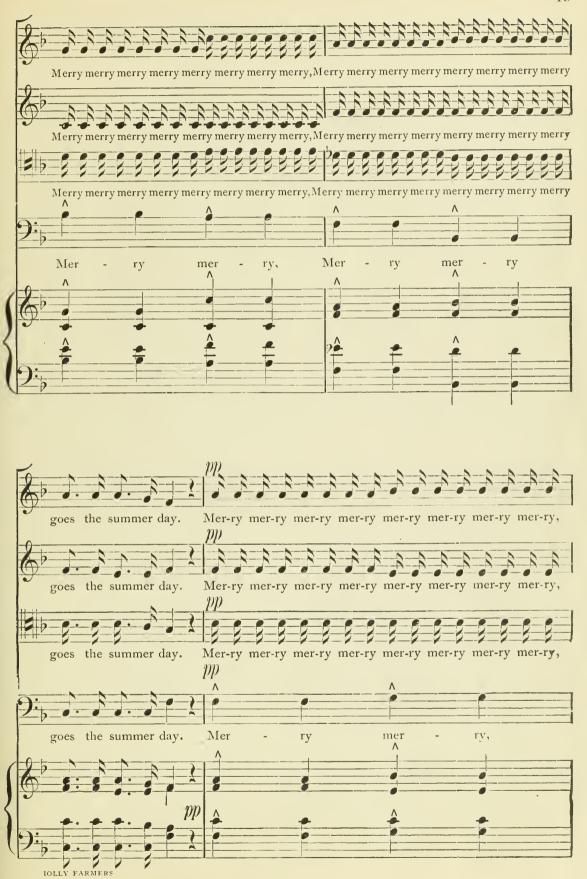


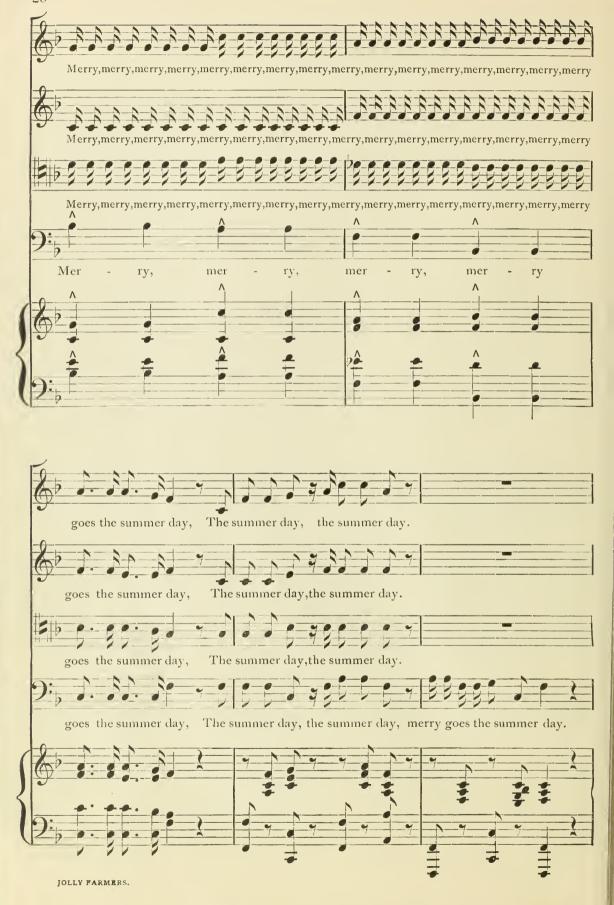


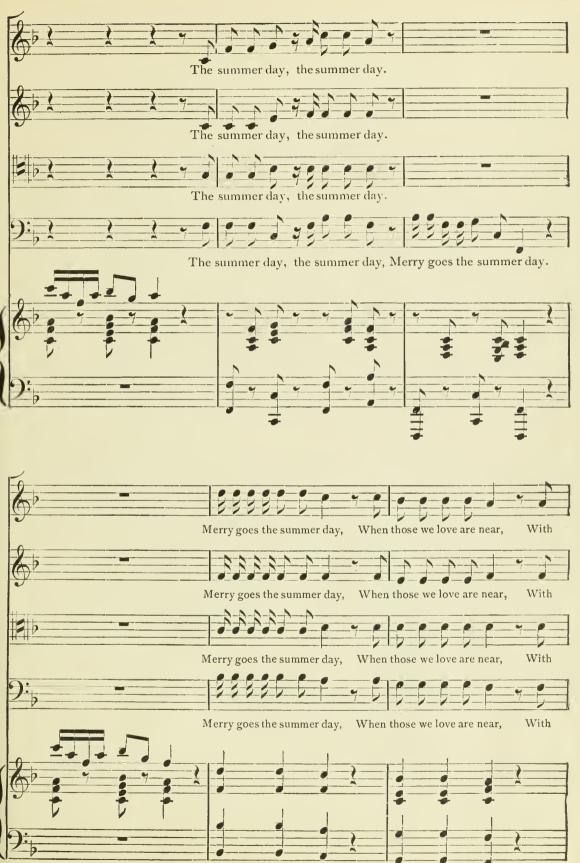


JOLLY FARMERS.

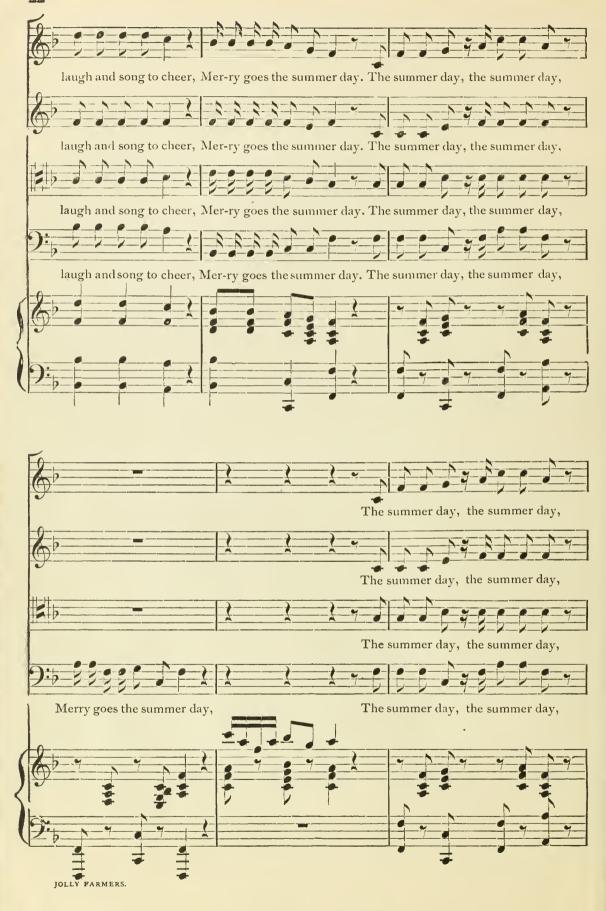


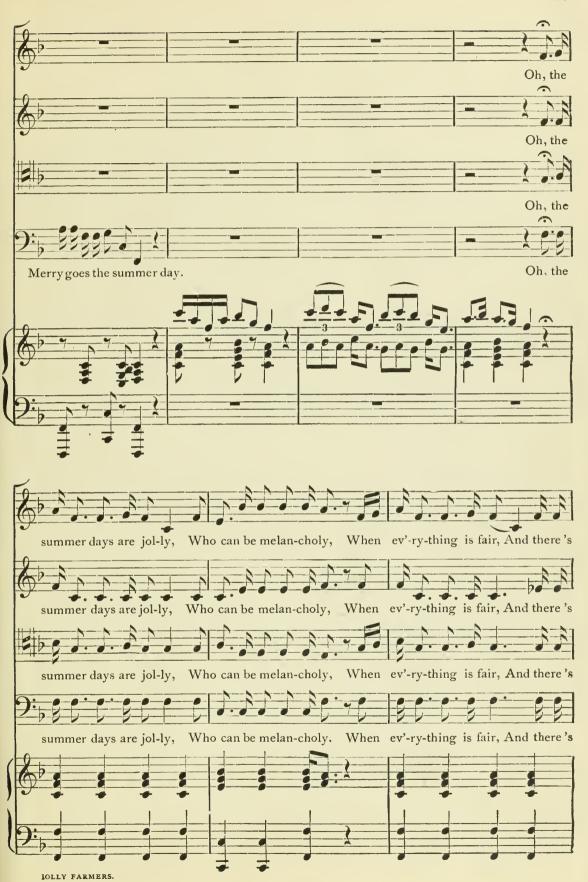




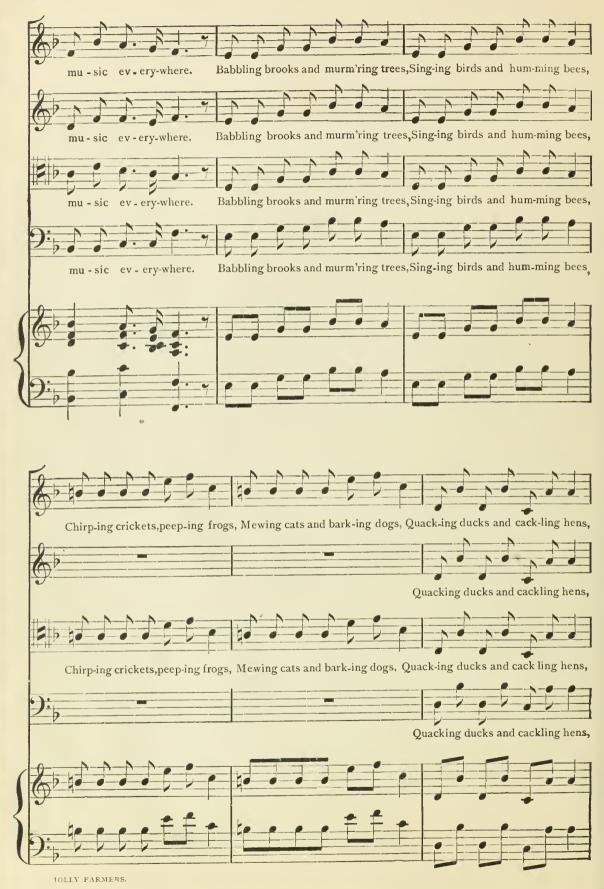


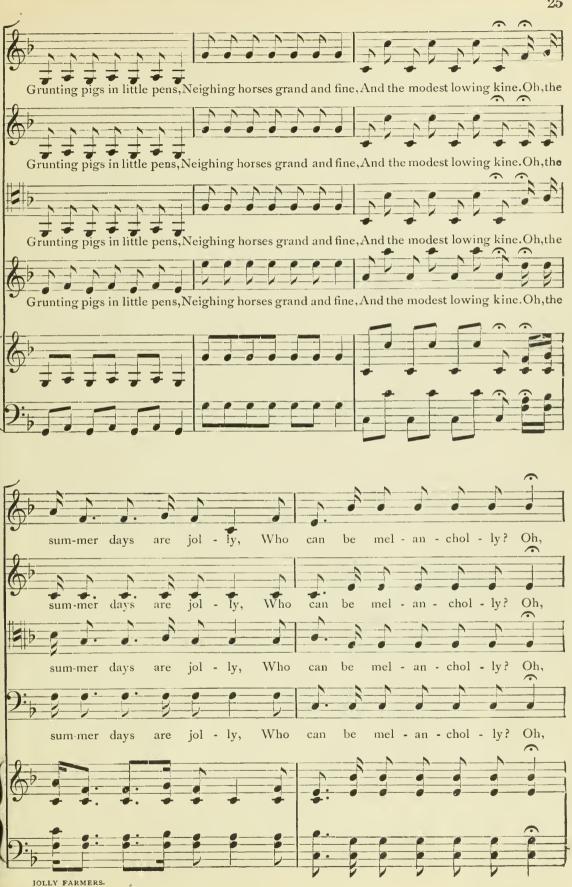
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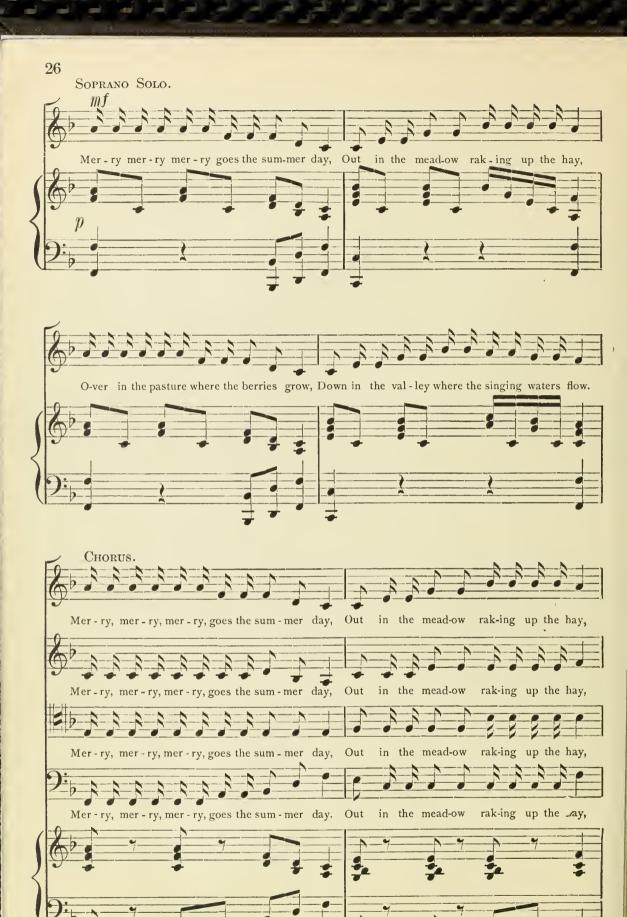




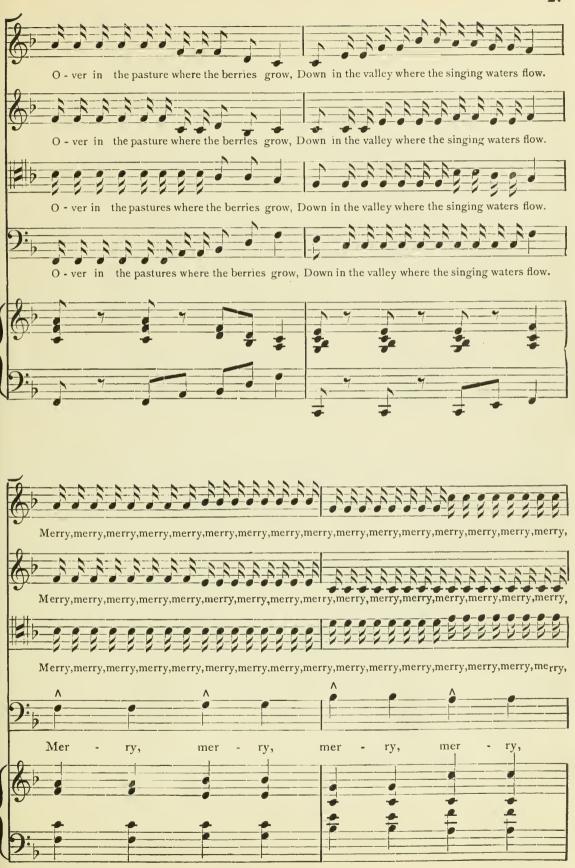
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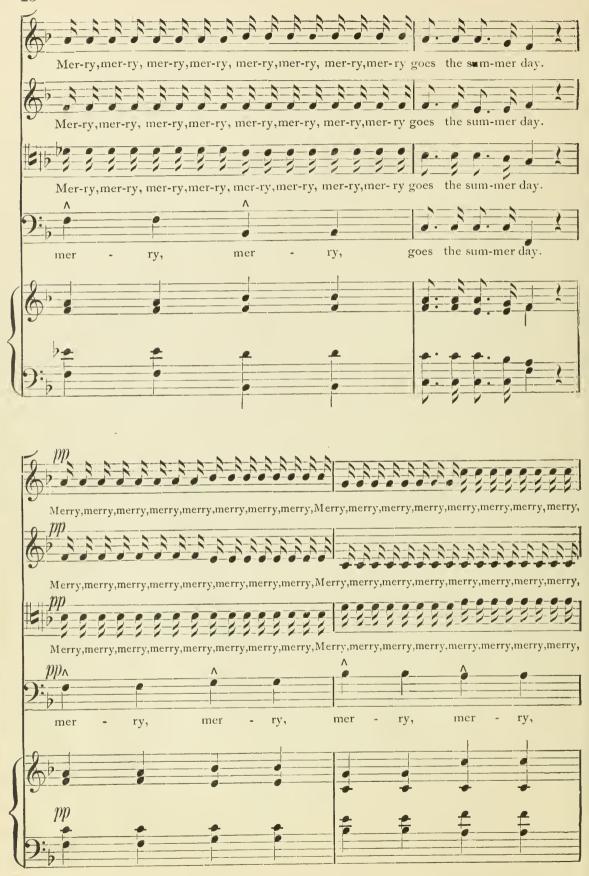


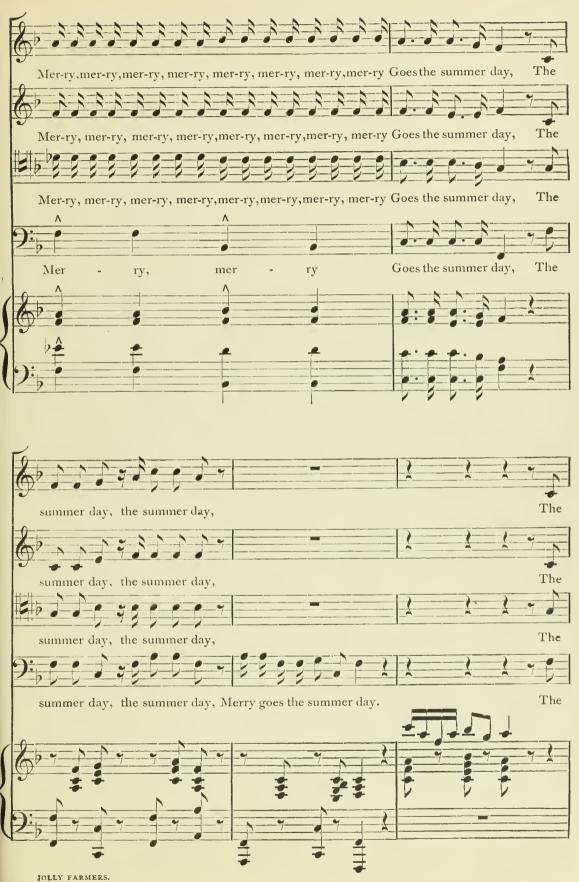
JOLLY FARMERS.



JOLLY FARMERS.

TOLLY FARMERS.







JOLLY FARMERS.



MR. H. Now we'll have breakfast. Annie, will you wake up John?

wake him up.

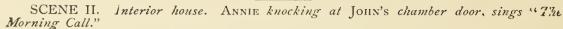
MR. H. Oh, no! the boy that can sleep through a medium sized earthquake, or snore down an ordinary thunder storm, is n't going to wake up for a little singing.

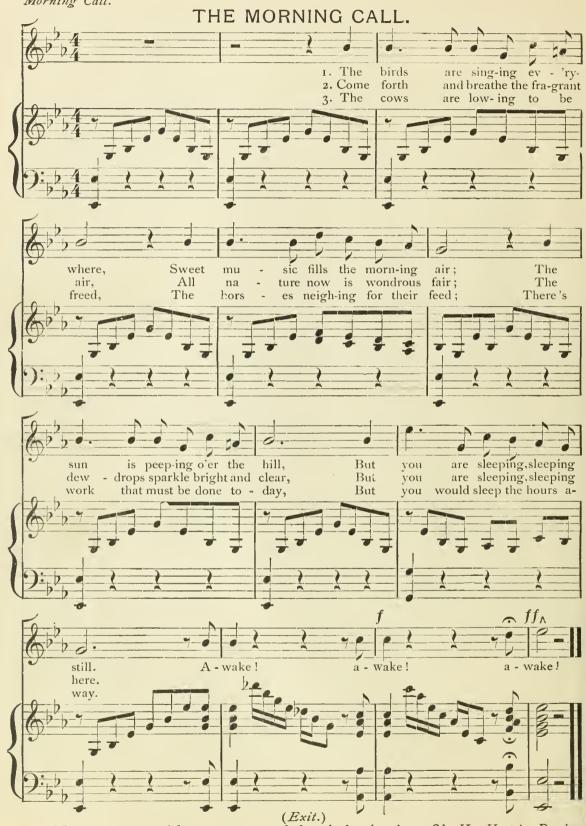
Annie. I should think that singing would Annie. All right! I'll wake him up you may be sure.

(Exeunt all. Curtain falls.)



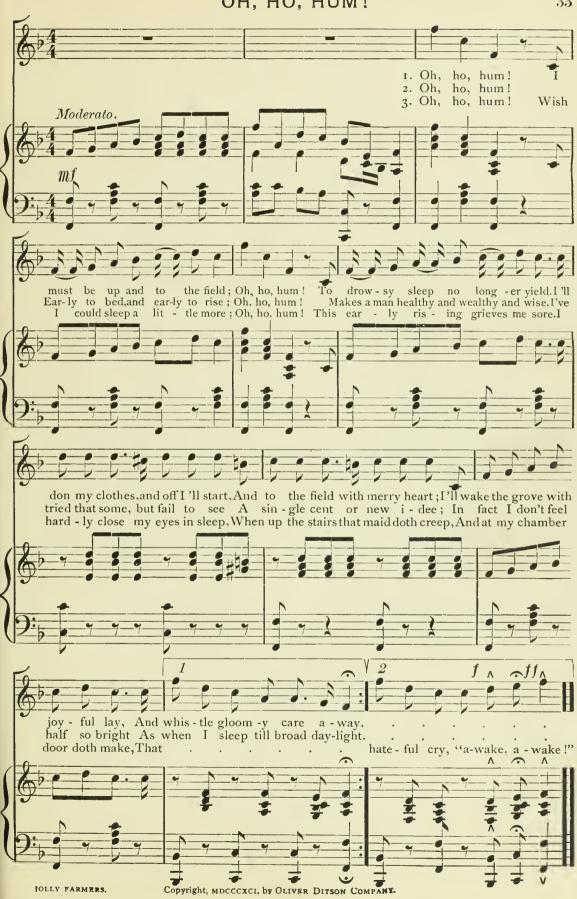
SCENE II.





(JOHN comes out with coat on arm, and shoes in hand; sings, Oh, Ho, Hum! During first interlude puts on coat, during second, shoes.)

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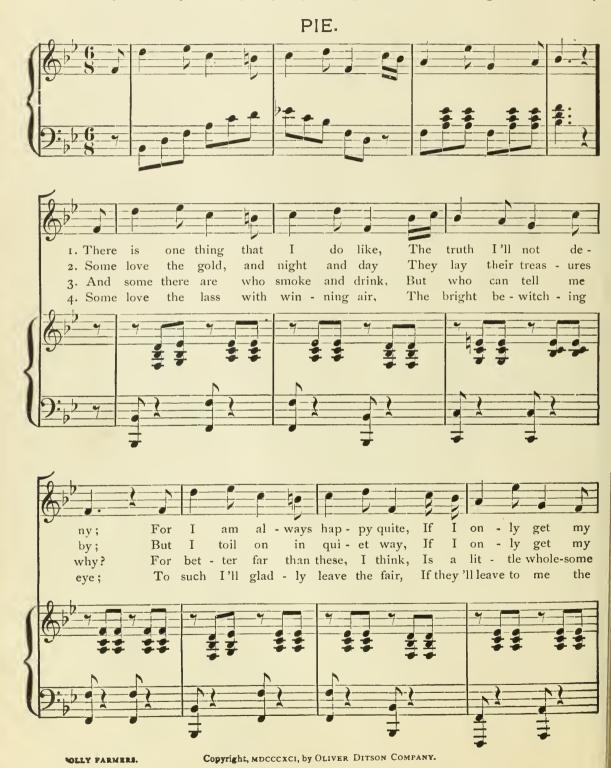
JOHN. Well, I guess I'll go and see what's going on in the dining-room. Wonder what they are going to have for breakfast! When I go to college, the first thing I do, will I know what I hope. If they don't have anything else, I hope they'll have pie. If I never fell in love but once. My first, only, there is anything I like, just adore, it is pie;

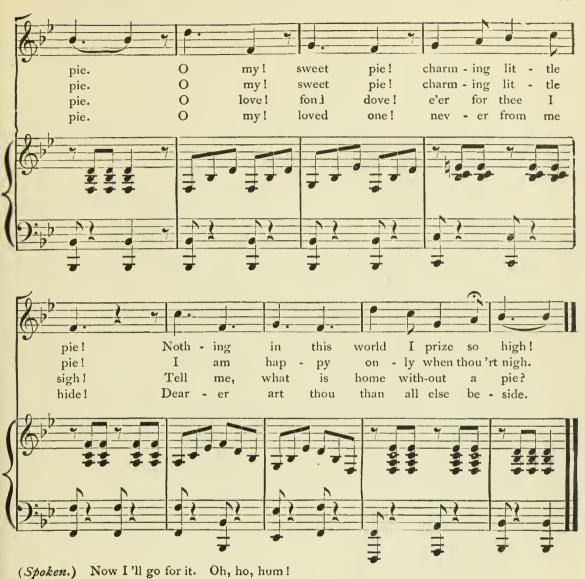
gooseberry, strawberry, huckle-berry, any berry under the heavens.

be to join the Pi Eta society.

and only to be love is pie.

blueberry, blackberry, cranberry, raspberry, (Sings, "There is one thing that I do like.")







(Exit.)

SCENE III.

SCENE III. Dining-room. Family at breakfast. John enters and takes a seat at table.

ALL. Good-morning, John!

MR. H. Are n't you a little behind?

JOHN. Yes, but I can catch up.

MR. H. Oh, no doubt about that!

Mrs. H. Well, to what can I help you?

John. I'd like a piece of pie.

Mrs. H. (aside) That boy is a regular portable pastry closet; a patent, automatic, berry smasher. (aloud) But you don't want pie first, do you?

JOHN. I'd like it first, last, and all the way between.

Mrs. H. Well, then, I'll cut you a piece if that is all you want.

JOHN. You needn't cut it, I can eat it all.

Mrs. H. No doubt. But perhaps some one else might like a *small* piece.

JOHN. Oh, I forgot there was anybody else.

Mr. H. A very common mistake. In the great world as in the little, we are continually forgetting that there is anybody else. In the great struggle for gold, for fame, for wisdom, aye! for heaven itself, men are too apt to forget there is anybody else. In the grand rush for the best seats, we forget the weak and the lame. In our eager desire for luxury and ease, we forget the famishing and struggling poor. In our victories we forget the prisoners of war. We forget oh, we forget there is anybody etse.

Mr. R. I never knew, Mr. Happyway, that you could make such eloquent speeches as you have this morning. Why don't you run for some office and not spend all your life in hard work on the farm?

Mr. H. Well, there is just one reason why I do not. And that keeps a good many others back, too. It is a very good reason,

and were it not for that, I would try to run for representative this year. For, to tell the truth, I have some ambition to be a statesman.

MR. R. But pray, what is your reason?

Mr. H. Why, simply this, I have nobody to vote for me.

Mr. R. Nobody to vote for you! nobody to vote for you! Why, man, hire them, hire them. Put out your money; give oyster suppers; shake hands with everybody; button-hole men on the street, pat them on the shoulder just before election; walk arm in arm with the lowly; let prohibition speeches come out of your mouth, and whiskey cock-tails go in; smile, smile, smile on everybody. But don't think that in this speculative age you can get votes for nothing. I tell you, if you get office you must expect to pay for it. Men are elected nowadays by the two s's.

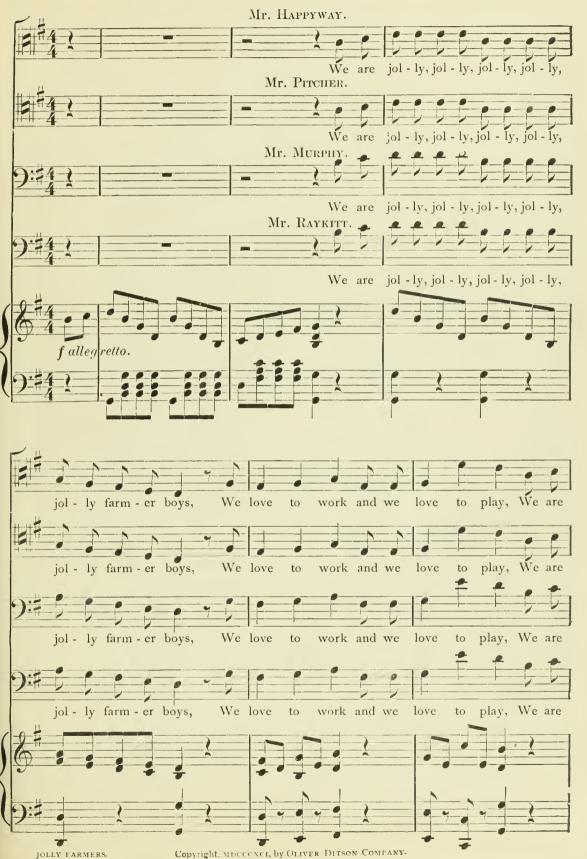
Mr. H. By the two s's! What do you mean by that?

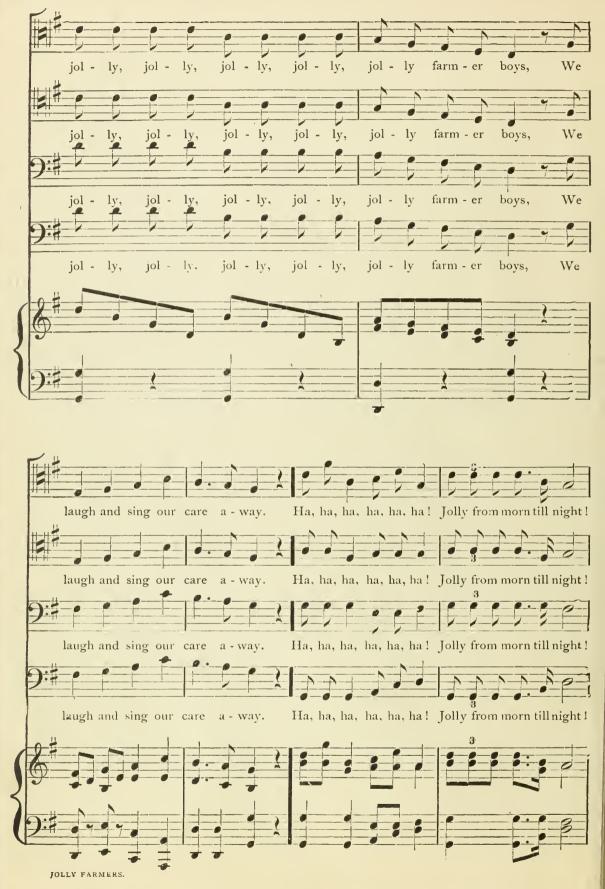
Mr. R. Why, stamps and smiles. Both kinds of smiles too, the smile that plays around the mouth, and the one that runs into it.

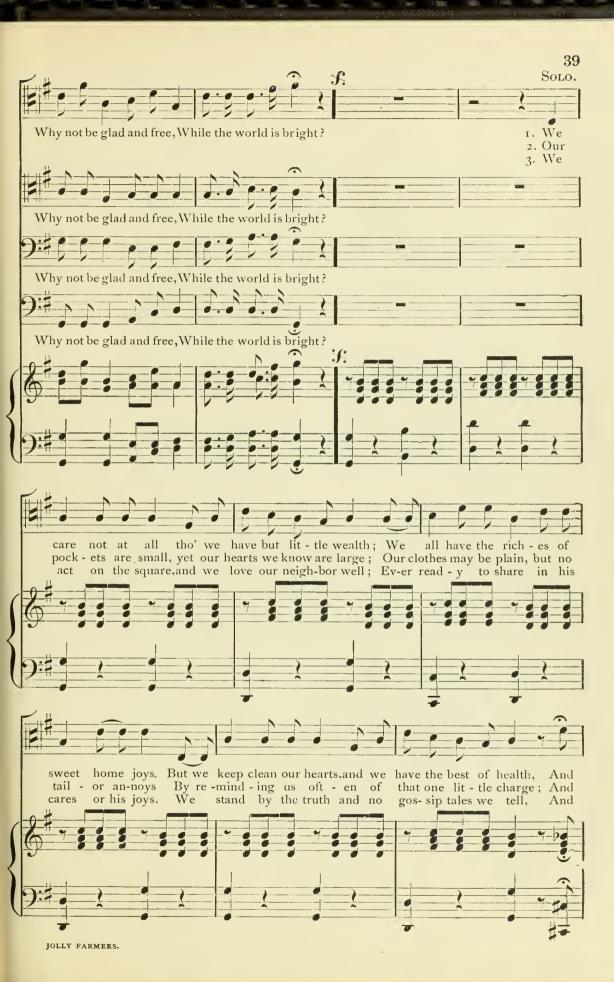
MR. H. Never, NEVER will I go through that damning process for any or all the offices in the United States. I rather lie down to my final rest, wearied and worn out by hard toil, than worried out by vice. And when I enter that spirit land, I care not to hear the myriads cry, "here comes Senator H. from Massachusetts." I rather hear ringing through the courts of heaven, "Welcome, honest farmer." No, I'll not run for office, and it ever I get one it shall run for me. So I'll content myself to remain as long as I live one of the "Jolly Farmers."

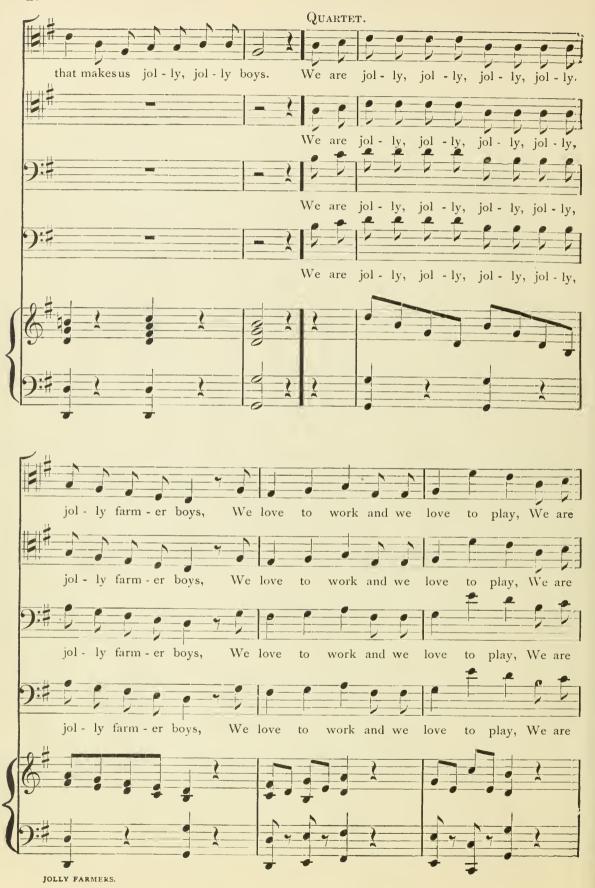
JOLLY FARMERS. (36)

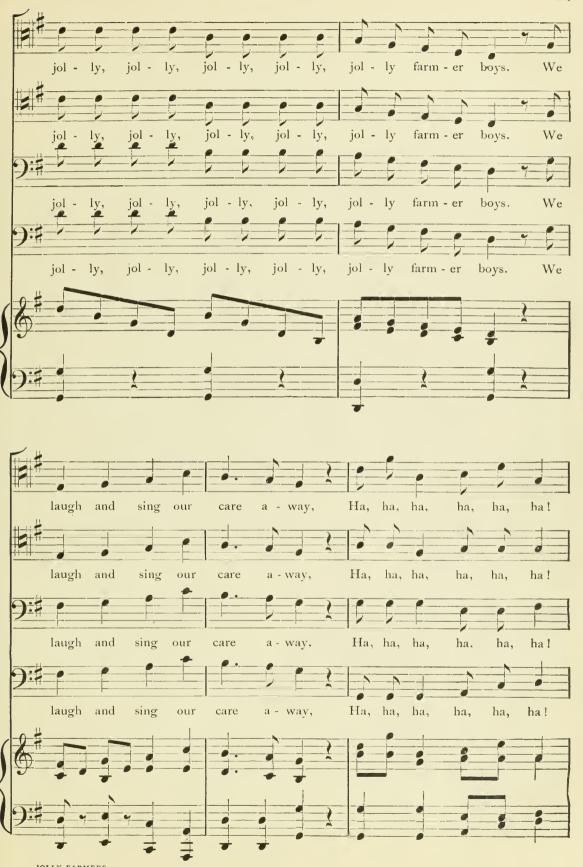
JOLLY FARMER BOYS.

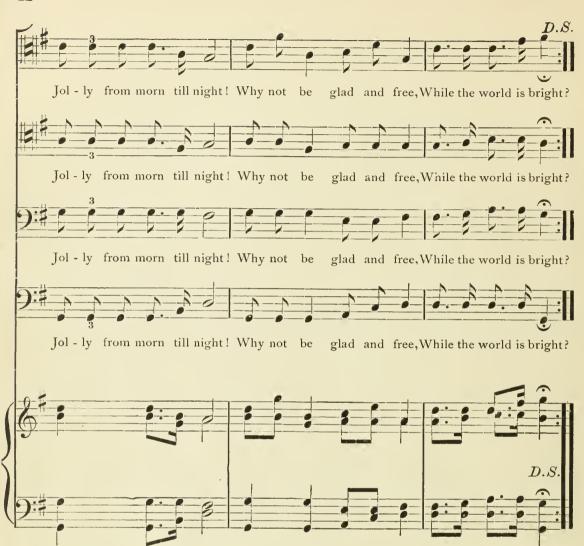












Mr. R. So you say you will content yourself to be one of the Jolly Farmers?

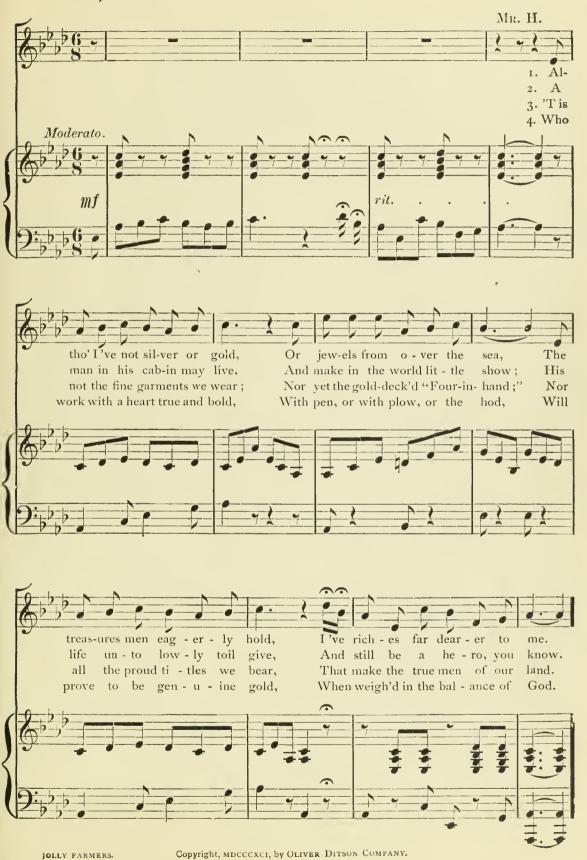
Well, then, content yourself to be a poor man as long as you live.

MR. H. No, I'll not. The unhappy are poor with millions. The contented are rich with poverty. Wealth does not consist alone in gold and land, fine houses and sparkling gems.

Character is worth more to a man than gold. A good name is the brightest jewel one can wear. And an honest face reflects more of the light of heaven than the many-faced diamond.

No, no, my friend, gold alone cannot make a man rich.

OH, THE DEPTHS OF THE RICHES OF LOVE.

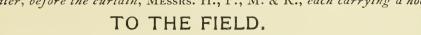




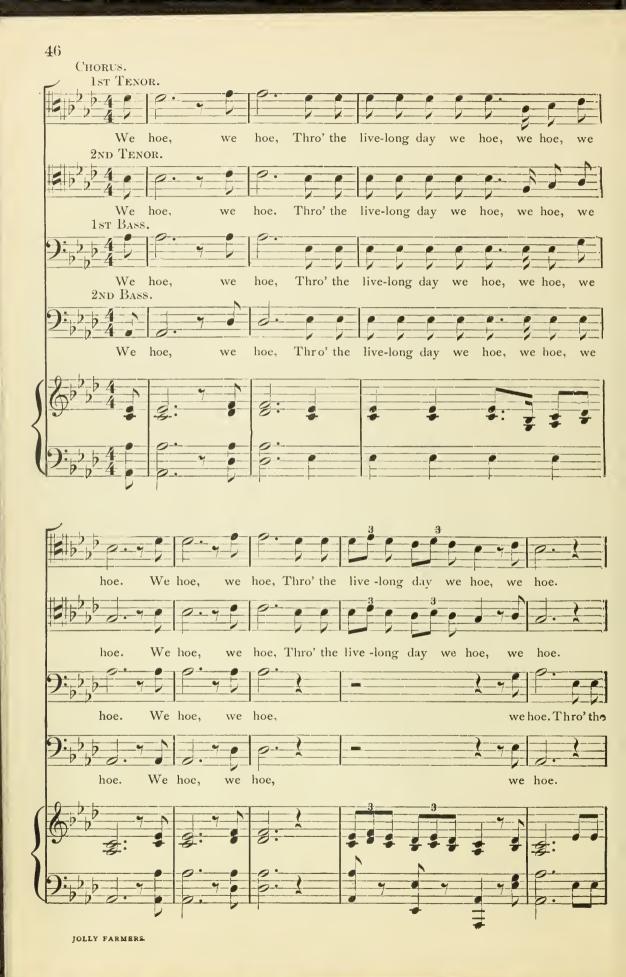
MR. H. (to the men.) Now we'll away to the field. MRS. H. (to the women.) And we'll to the kitchen. (Curtain.)

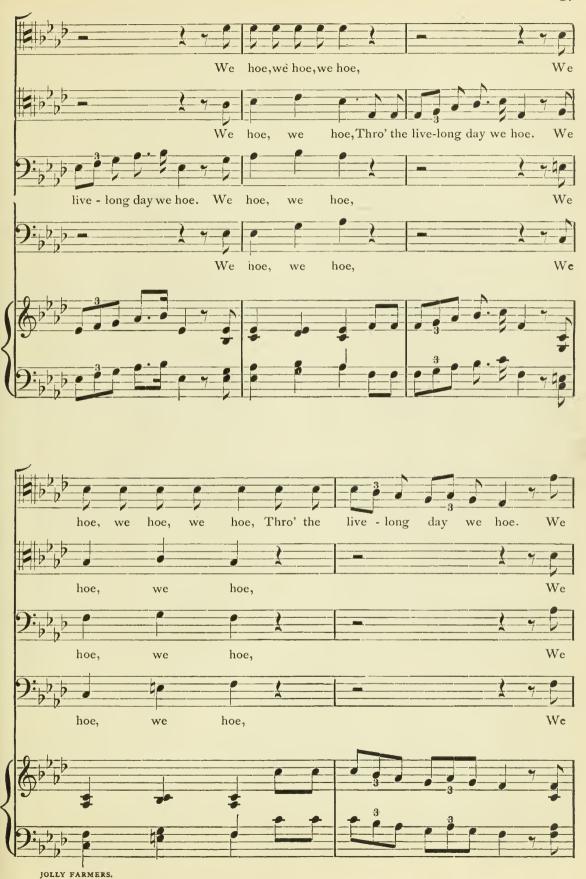
JOLLY FARMERS.

(Enter, before the curtain, MESSRS. H., P., M. & R., each carrying a hoe.)









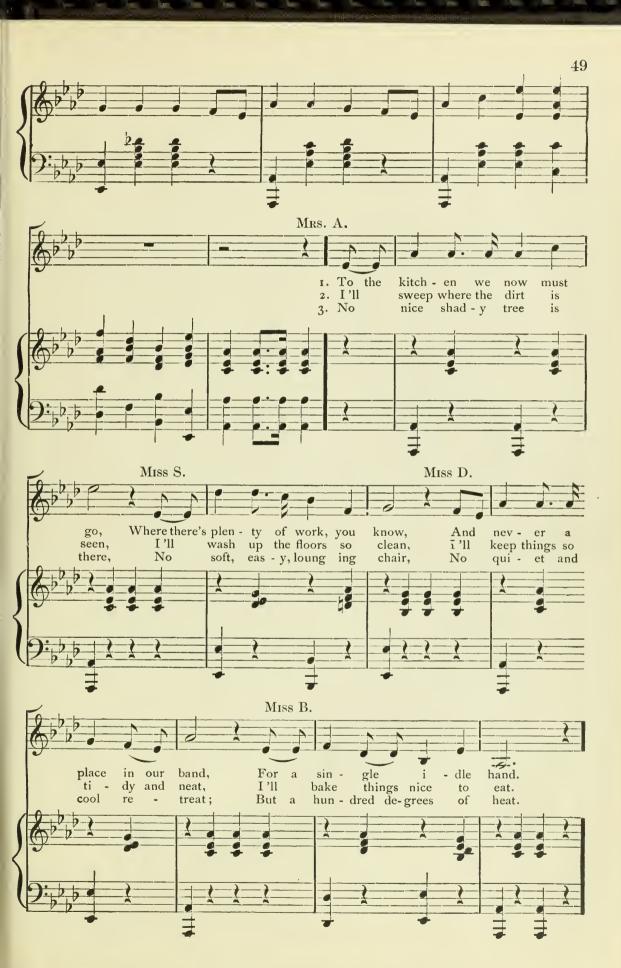


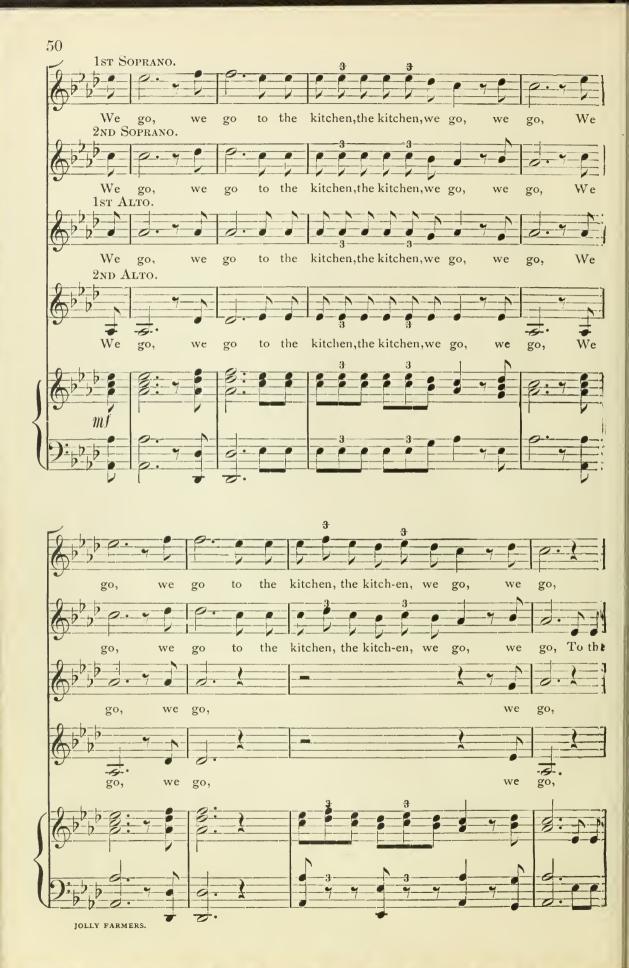
(Exeunt gents. followed by Mrs. H. with broom, Miss Scrubber with mop, Miss Dustin with dust-pan and brush, Miss Baker with rolling-pin.)

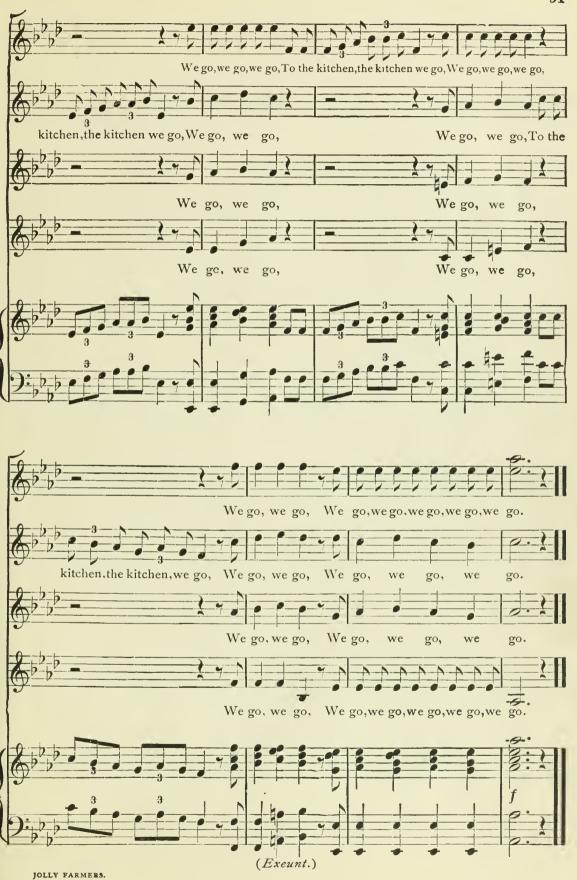
TO THE KITCHEN.



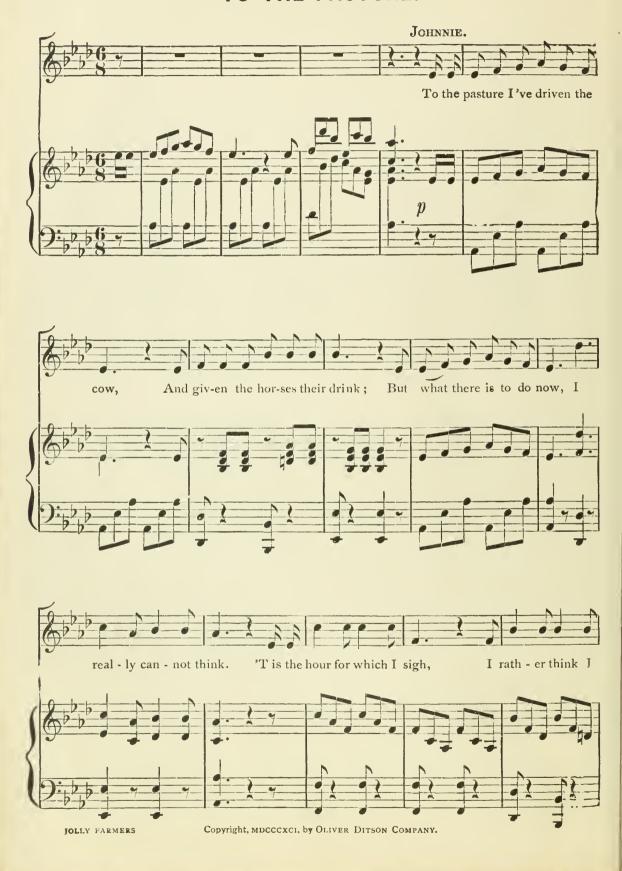
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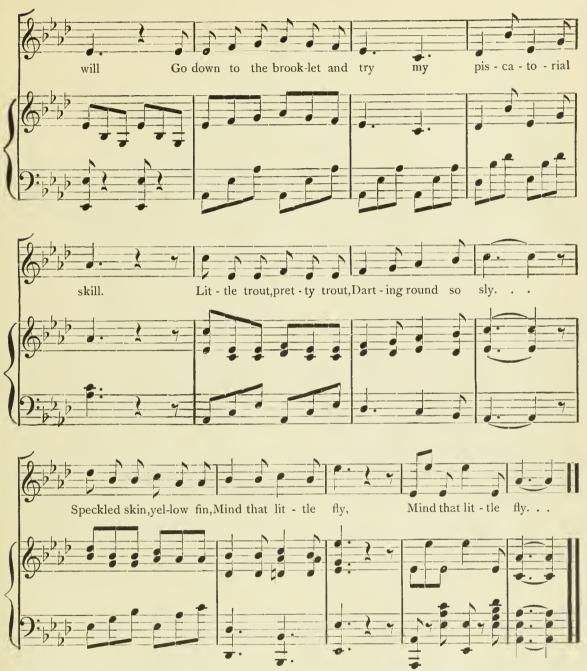






TO THE PASTURE.





A VOICE FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN. Johnnie, wood! Bring some wood and water! SECOND VOICE. Johnnie, potatoes! Be as quick as you can!

JOHNNIE. (Impatiently.) O, yes! Johnnie, wood! and Johnnie, water! and Johnnie, potatoes! I hear these words ringing in my ears so much that I forget my own name!

of mine, a young lady, and closed it with, Yours truly. Johnnie Potatoes.

A VOICE FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN. "Come, Johnnie, potatoes! Quick as you can!

I wrote a letter the other day to a friend Johnnie. I wish there was a hot potato in her mouth.

JOLLY FARMERS

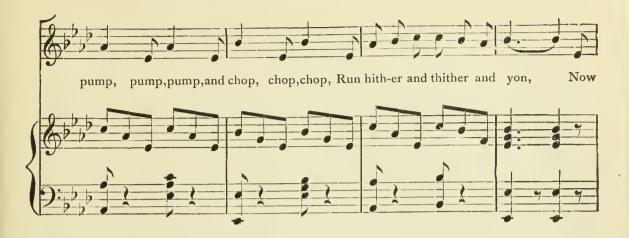
I got an answer this morning. All she wrote was, "Small potatoes."

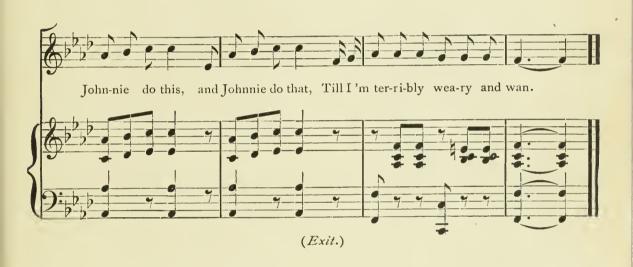
I like brevity in anything except a banana or stick of candy; but it seems to me that is rather brief brevity.

If she had said sweet potatoes, I could stand the brevity.

PUMP, PUMP, PUMP and CHOP, CHOP, CHOP.







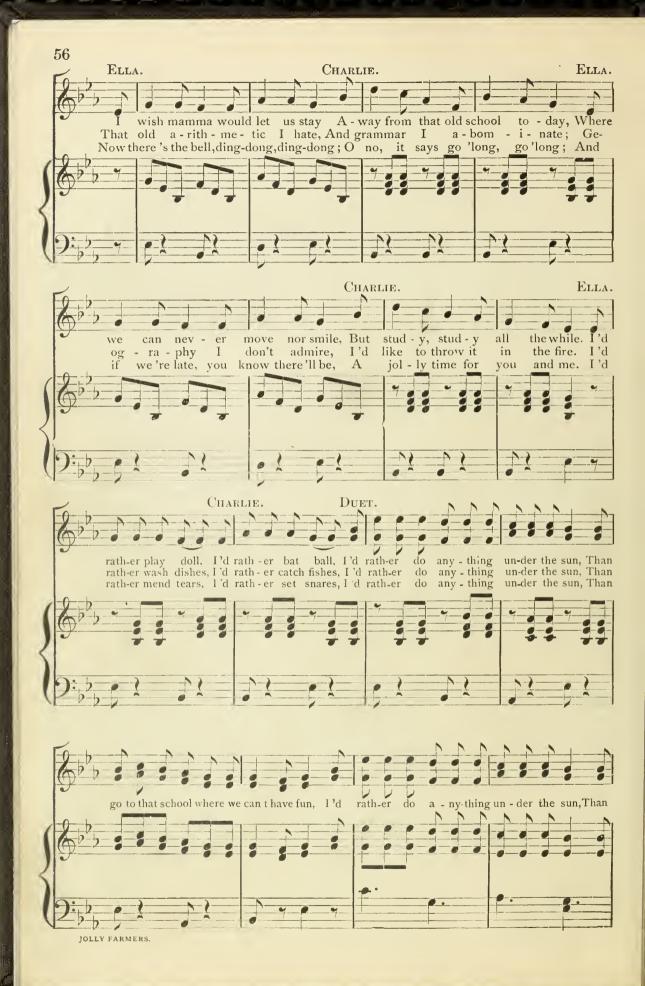
I'D RATHER DO ANYTHING.

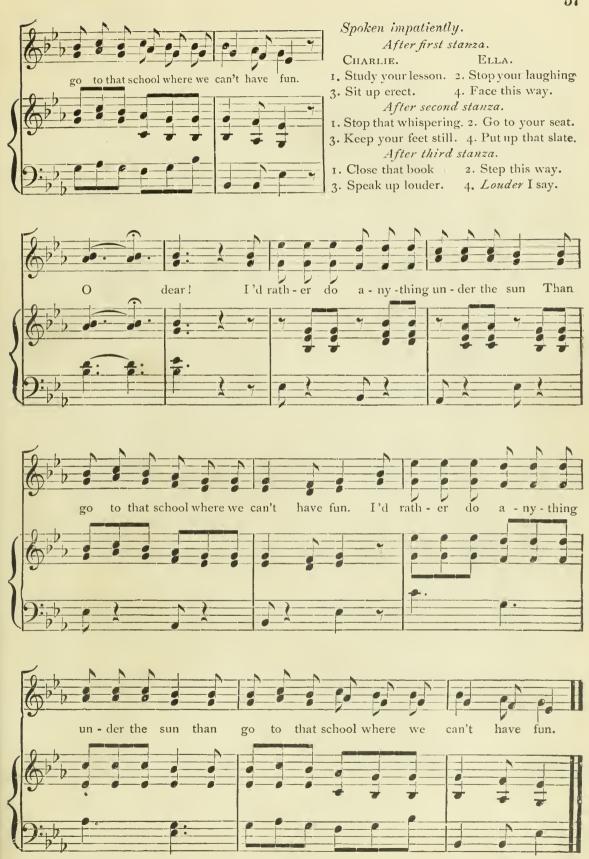
(Enter Charlie and Ella on way to school.)



JOLLY FARMERS.

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(Curtain falls.)

SCENE IV.

MR. HAPPYWAY'S sitting-room. The family, servants, and neighbors gathered for a scial evening.

(When the curtain rises, all are applauding.)

FIRST SPEAKER. Come, Pat, you must sing that again.

SEVERAL VOICES. Yes, yes, we must have that again.

PAT. But I'll not sing it again anyway.

FIRST SPEAKER. O, yes! encore, encore, you know.

PAT. I don't care for your anchors, anchors. I would n't sing it again for five-hundred anchors.

I went to a grand concert in the city, the other night. They said the biggest singer iver in Ameriky would sing.

FIRST SPEAKER. Well, Pat, how did he look and how did he sing?

PAT. Hould on till I tell ye.

He just strutted on the stage like a young rooster, and he began to bellow like a mad bull.

Then a little paycock of a Miss behind me, said to a dude of a chap at her side; "Are n't his low notes illegant!"

"Low notes," says I, "then may we niver hear his loud ones."

But he kept on growing madder and madder, till he roared like a hungry lion at the smell of mate."

And the lady behind said: "Oh, how grand his *forte* passages are!"

"Forty passages," says I, "then the Divil take the other thirty nine, for we don't want them."

Then he took up a different style, and

everybody listened with eyes, ears, and mouth. His voice trembled as if he had the ague. And the little paycock said to the dude: "How much soul he does put into his singing."

"Sole," says I, "I should say he was the sole proprietor of the whole business."

FIRST SPEAKER. How did the audience appreciate it?

PAT. Hould on till I tell ye! But you should have heard his last tone. It was shaped jist like a beer barrel, small at both ends and big in the middle.

And the lady said: "What a perfectly artistic swell."

"You are right this time," says I, "He 's the most perfect swell I iver saw."

Then he began backing and bowing and scraping off the stage.

The audience began to clap hands, stamp feet, and whistle and scrame like mad men.

And what do you think that man did? He jist came right back and sang the same thing through again, and spiled everything that he didn't spile the first time, and that was n't much aither.

Then I said to myself, says I, "Mr. Muphy," says I, "don't iver sing the same song to the same audience the same night twice." And I niver will, and that's the end on 't.

FIRST Speaker. Well, then, give us something else, we don't care what, only sing.

PAT. All right! I'll sing another, and a true one too.

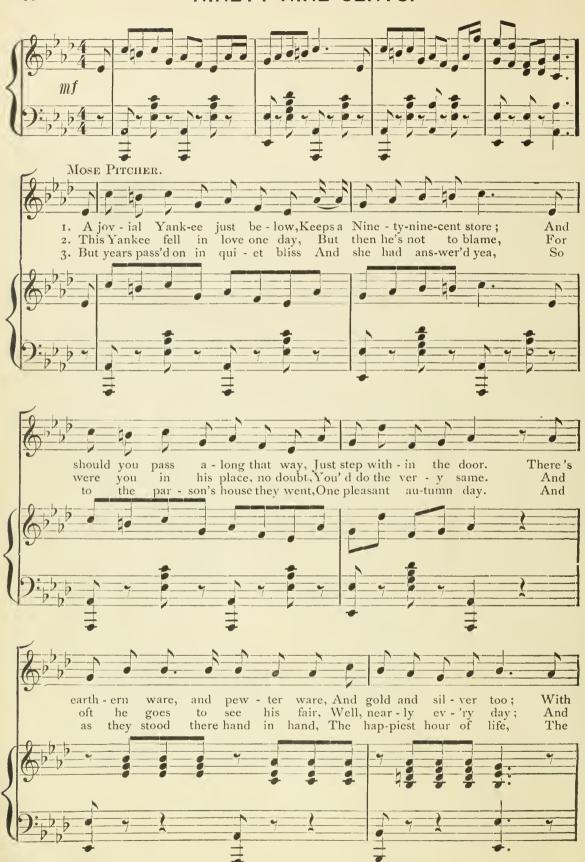
A SWATE LITTLE B'Y.



JOLLY FARMERS. (58)

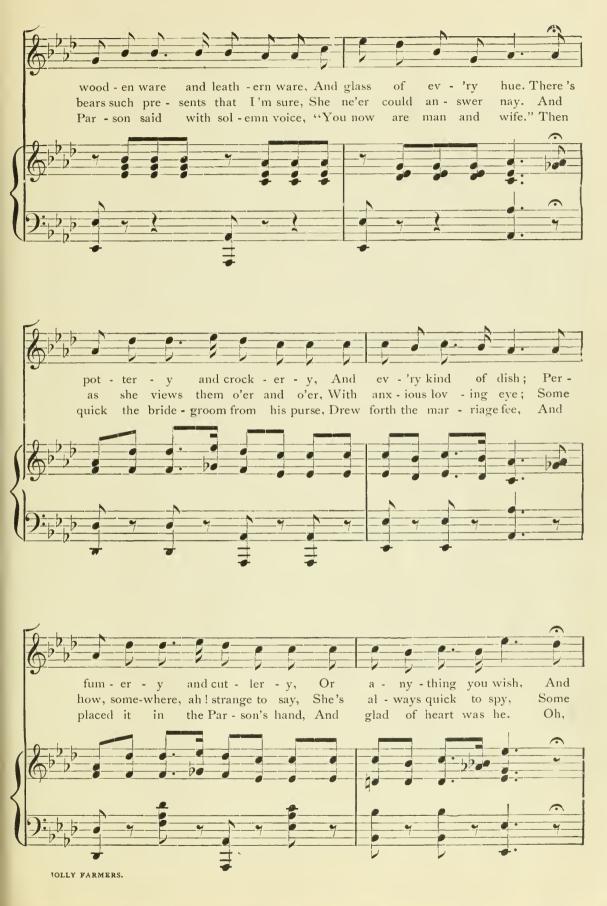
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JOLLY FARMERS.

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MR. H. We've had the song for the "Swate Little B'y" and the song for the "Nine-ty-nine-cents," two precious things to be JOLLY FARMERS.

sure. But now let us have a rousing chorus for the "Dear Old Home."

DEAR OLD HOME.



Mrs. II. Now little May, don't you think it is about time for the Dustman to come along?

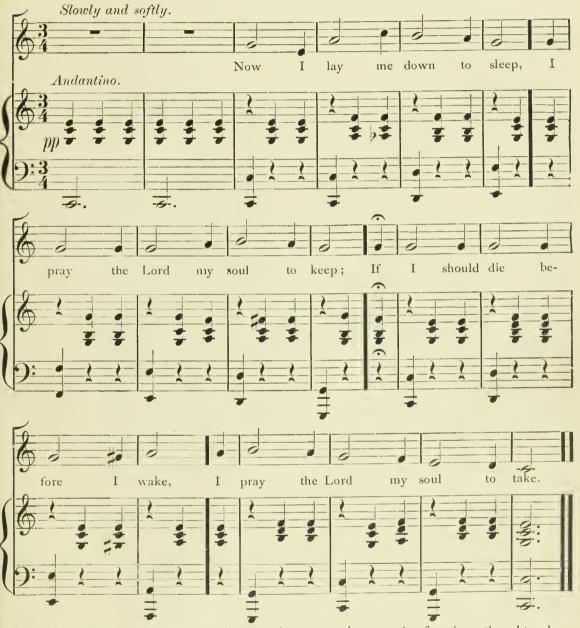
May. O no, mamma! There is no dust in my

eyes yet. I'm not sleepy, but I can't wink so fast as I could this morning.

Mrs. H. I guess you had better say your prayer and shut up the little peepers for to-night.

(Little May kneels at her mother's side, and sings)

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.



Mr. H. "Now I lay me down to sleep" — A little child's prayer, but somehow it touches my heart more than the great and eloquent prayers, so called. "My soul to keep," "My soul to take." That's the whole of it—life and death.

"My soul to keep, my soul to take." My mother taught me that prayer when I was a little child, and it is a sacred thing to me now, and never fails to touch my heart and

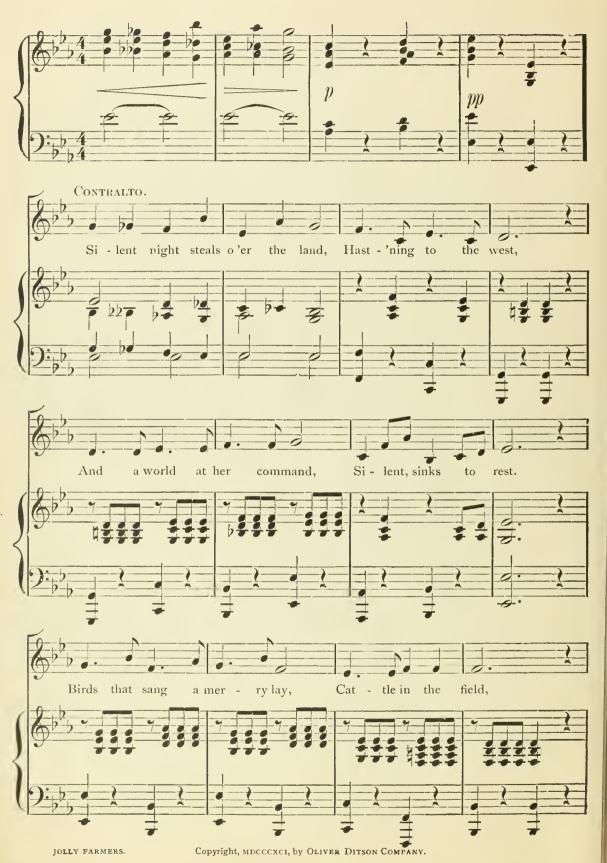
awaken a train of serious thoughts whenever I hear it.

Kneeling at her side, with her hand upon my head, I used to say that little prayer. Then with a good-night kiss I would lay me down to sleep.

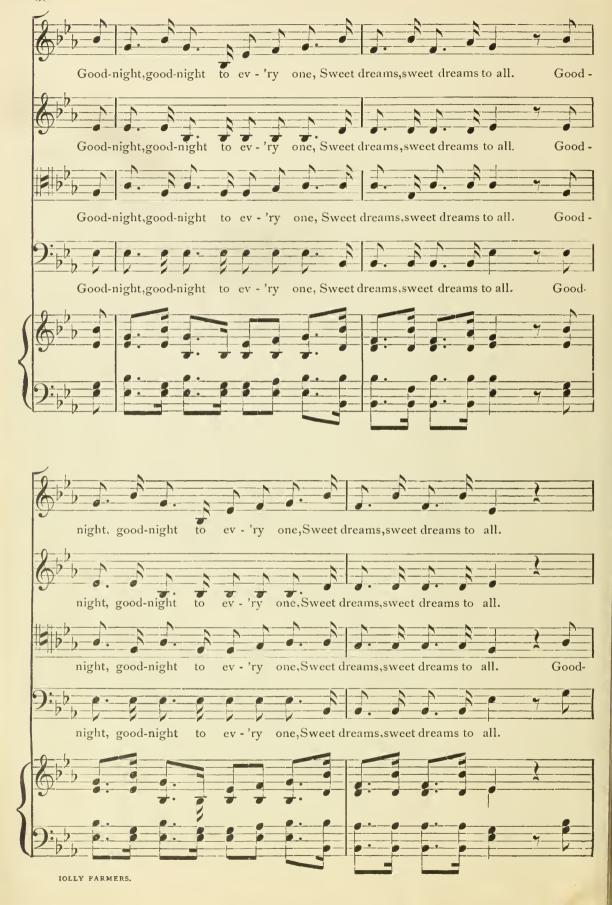
Many years have passed since then, but I am not too old a child to pray "My soul to keep," "My soul to take."

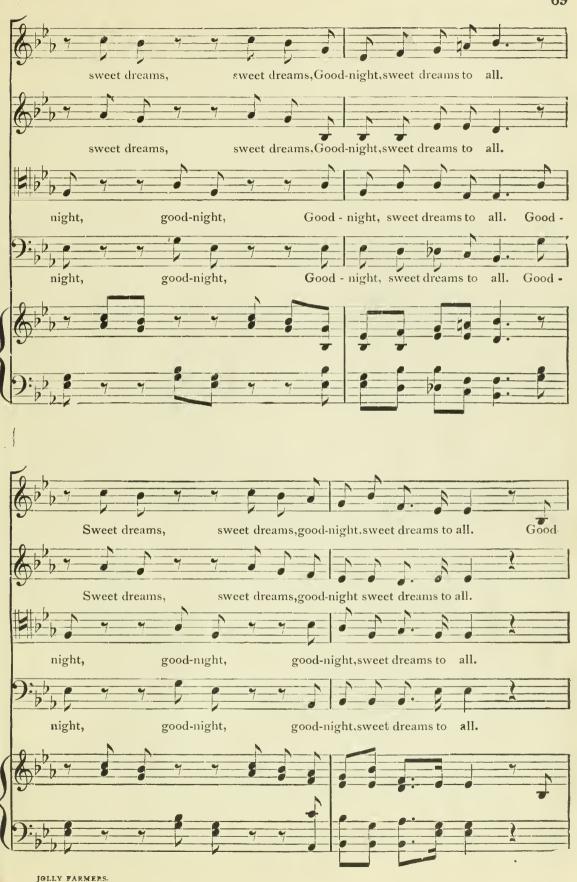
n my heart and Well, good-night.
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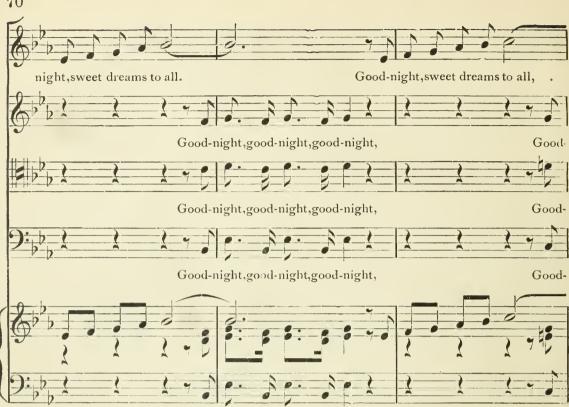




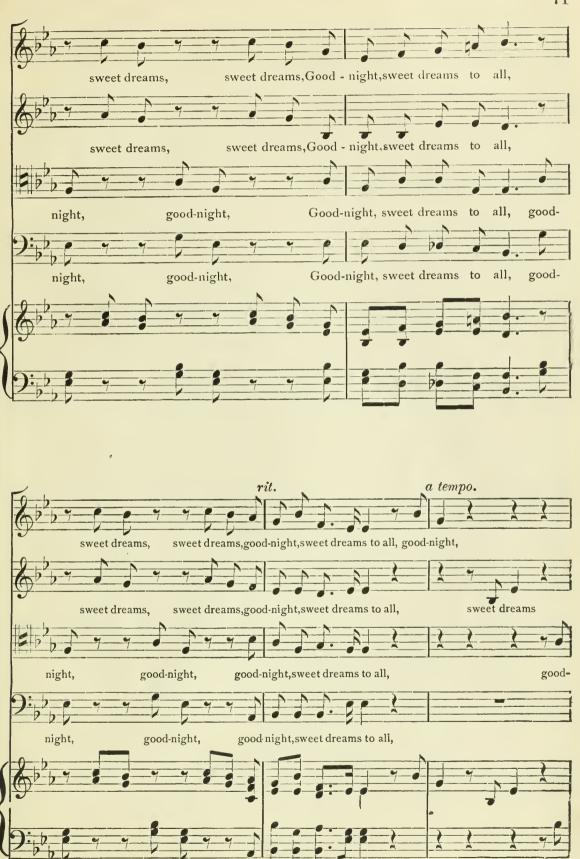






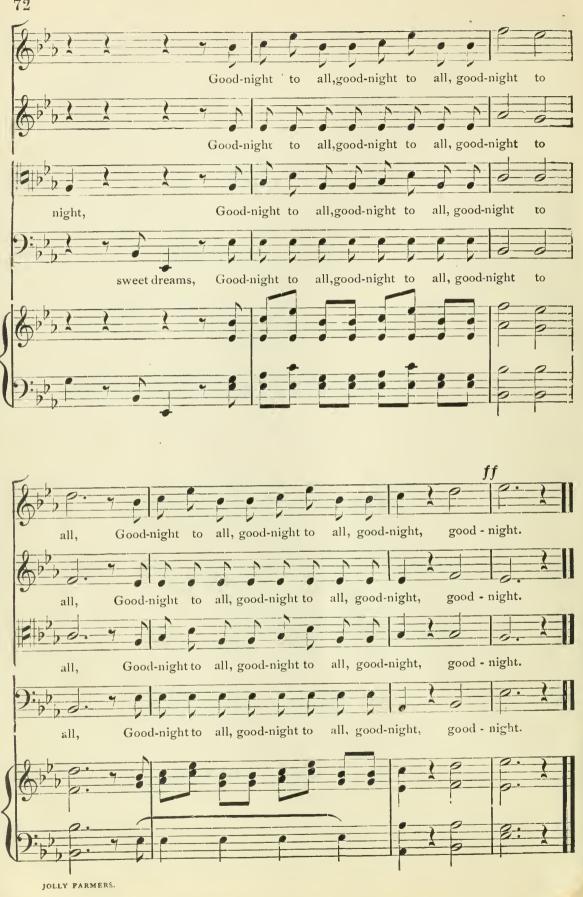






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